The Second Honeymoon By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Woman Hater" and "The Black Sheep"

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jimmy Challoner, club man, dependent for funds on an erratic elder brother, engages himself to a beautiful actress. Cynthia Farrow. She fills him, and in desperation he rushes to his boyhood sweetheatt, Christine Wystt, for sympathy. "Sangster," Jimmy's friend, is introduced to Christine and her mother and accompanies them to the theatre and afterward to a fashionable cafe. He wonders why Jimmy's not more inberested in Christine, who so eagerly shows her delight in his company and the surroundings, for this is her first visit to a cafe of this character.

"I suppose you come here often?" she said. She looked up into Jimmy's bored young face. "I suppose it's not at all new or wonderful to your" He smiled.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS STARTS THE STORY

Cynthia extended her hand; she was rather pleased than otherwise to see him. She liked having two strings to her bow; it gave her worldly heart an odd little pang as she met the flerceness of Jimmy's eyes. He was such a dear, she thought.

Marnlo's was not a place where he could make a scene either, even supposing. She shot a quick glance at Mortlake. After all, it was rather unfortunate Jimmy should have seen them together—just at present, at any rate; it would not have mattered in a week or two's time. She wondered if he had heard anything, if already he had discovered by some unforeseen means how she had lied to him? She gave him one of her sweetest smiles.

"Are you having supper here, Jimmy? I didn't see you."

It was not the truth. She had seen him the moment she entered, but she thought it more effective to pretend otherwise.

"I am over here with friends." said linear world.

"I am over here with friends," said limmy curtly. He glanced across to the table he had just left, and met Chris-

tine's eyes.

Somehow he felt uncomfortable. He looked sharply away again and down at the beautiful, smiling face raised to his. "When may I come to see you?" he

He spoke quite distinctly; Mortlake must have heard every word.

Cynthia looked nonplussed for a moment; then she laughed.

ment; then she laughed.

"Come any time you like, my dear boy. " I am always pleased to see you—any afternoon, you know."

She smiled and nodded. Jimmy felt that he had been dismissed. After a

that he had been dismissed. After a moment he walked away.
His heart was a dead weight in his breast. He sat down again beside Christine. She turned to him esgerly.
"Wasn't that Miss Farrow?
Oh, Jimmy, why didn't you tell me?"
Jimmy drained his wineglass before answering.

wysatt and Christine at their hotel and were walking away together, Jimmy burst out savagely:

"What the devil do you mean about Christine not liking Cynthia? * * Strages piece of impertinence to say such a thing."

"It's a gross piece of impertinence to say such a thing."

"It's the truth, all the same." said Sangster imperturbably. "The two girls are as different as chalk from cheese."

Miss Wyatt would soon dislike Cyntone—they live in different worlds."

"Fortunately for Cynthia, perhaps."

said Jimmy, savagely. "For pure shastly dullness recommend me to what is called the best society. "For pure shastly dullness recommend me to what is called the best society."

Christine is only a child—she always will be as long as she is tied to her mother's apron strings. I like arm ways had a distinctly dull evening."

There was a moment's silence.

"It you really think that," eaid Sangser quietly. "I should keep away from them, and I should most certainly give up paying attention to Miss Wyatt."

Jimmy challoner stopped dead. He turned and stared at his friend.

"What the devil are you talking boout?" he demanded. His face looked furious in the yellow light of a street lamp they were passing. "I pay attention to Christine! Why"—he laughed suddenly—"she's only a child."

"Yery well, you know your own business best, of course; and Jimmy—"

"Well?" ungraciously.

Sangster henefitated: finally:

"Old—did Cynthia say anything to you tonight—anything special, I mean?"

Jimmy laughed the she was always pleased to see her "friends." He accented the lash were done the was cold, or something caully interesting. She also said that he was always pleased to see her "friends." He accented the lash were to go or what to do. He had had a bad shock. He could never for that other man; but that she sengence to Mortlake."

That are they saying?

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"Very well, you know your own business best, of course; and Jimmy—"
"Well?" ungraciously.
Sangster hesitated; finally:
"Did—did Cynthia say anything to you tonight—anything special, I mean?"
Jimmy laughed drearily.
"She said it was cold, or something equally interesting. She also said that I might call upon her any afternoon, and that she was always pleased to see her "friends." He accented the last word bitterly. "What did you expect he say to me?" he inquired.

Nothing: at least " you know that they are saying in the clubs?"
"That she's engaged to Mortlake."

Through the darkness he heard Jimmy catch his breath hard in his throat.

"Of course, that may be only club talk," he hastened to add kindly.

"I never thought it could be anything else," said Jimmy with a rush. "I know it's a lie, anyway. How can she be engaged to Mortlake, or any other man—if her husband is living?"

"No," Sangster agreed quietly, "She certainly cannot be engaged to any other man if her husband is still living."

There was an underlying meaning in his voice. Jimmy swung round savagely.

"What are you trying to get at?" he asked. "If you know anything tell me and have done with it."

"I don't know anything: I am only repeating what I have heard."

"A pack of gossiping old women"—savagely.

They walked a few steps silently.

in the character. It was not a construction of a

it had only been under protest that she had consented to visit the subtract heatre at which Cynthia Farrow was playing.

Under the guidance of Jimmy Challoner, London had suddenly been presented to her in an entirely fresh light. Secretly she was thoroughly enjoying herself, though once or twice she looked at Christine with rather wistful eyes.

Christine was so wrapped up in Jimmy e. * and Jimmy!—of course, he must know many, many other women far more attractive and beautiful than this little daughter of hers. She half sighed as she caught the expression of Christine's eyes as they rested on him. Suddenly Jimmy rose.

"Will you excuse me a moment: "Will you excuse me a moment: "Vill you excuse me a moment: "I was ali possible; but Jimmy had aiready left the table and crossed to where Cynthia was sitting.

The sight of her in Mortlake's company for the second time that day scattered his fine resolutions to the winds. There was a rarging fire of jealousy in his heart as he went up to her. A waiter was filling her glass with A waiter was filling her glass with

tapped the floor impatiently.

Jimmy moved nearer to her.

"Do you know what they are saying in the clubs?" he demanded.

She raised her eyes, she shrugged her

slim shoulders.
"They are always saying something!
What is it now?"
But her voice was not so indifferent

What is it now?"

But her voice was not so indifferent as she would have had it; her eyes were anxious.

"They are saying that you are engaged to Mortlake."

Jimmy's eyes never left her face; it was a tragic moment for him. Cynthia's white hands clasped each other nervously.

"Are they?" said she. "How-how

"Are they?" said she. "How—how very amusing."
Her eyes had fallen now; he could only see the outline of darkened lashes against her cheek.
He waited a moment, then he strode forward—he covered the space between them in a stride; he put a hand beneath her chin, foreing her to look at him. "Is it true?" he asked. "It is true! His voice was strangled; his breath came tearing from between clenched teeth.

His voice was strangled; his breath came tearing from between clenched teeth.

Cynthla shivered away from him, back against the pile of silken cushions behind her.

"Don't hurt me, Jimmy; don't hurt me," she whispered.

He took her by the shoulders and shook her, "Is it true—is it true?"

For a moment he thought she was going to refuse to answer; then suddenly she dragged herself free. She started up, and stood facing him pantingly.

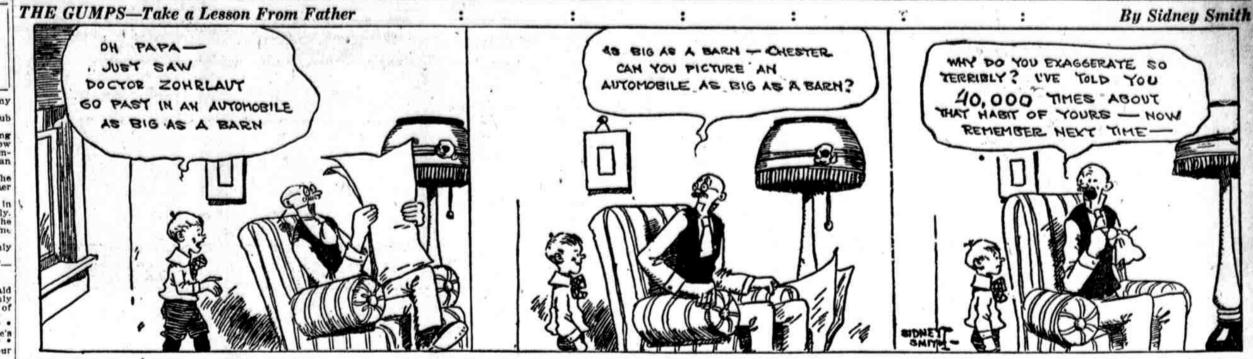
"Yes," she said deflantly. "Yes, it is true."

And then the silence fell again, long and unbroken.

It seemed an eternity to Jimmy Challoner; an eternity during which he stood there like a man in a dream started.

"Wasn't that Miss Farrow?"
Oh, Jimmy, why didn't you tell me?"
Jimmy drained his wineglass before answering.
"I forgot you were interested; I'm sorry." She isn't alone, you see, or—or I would introduce her—if you cared for me to, that is."
"I don't think Miss Wyatt would care for Miss Farrow," said Arthur Sangster, quietly.
Jimmy looked furlows. Angry words rushed to his lips, but he choked them with an effort.
"Narrow-minded old owi!" he said, half jokingly, half in earnest.
Later when the two men had left Mra. Wyatt and Christine at their hotel and were walking away together, Jimmy burst out savagely:
"What the devil do you mean about Christine not liking Cynthis?"
"She was sobbing now; genuine enough stoch the sorre like a man in a dream, staring at her flushed face.
The world had surely come crashing about him in ruins; for a moment, at least, he was bilind and deaf to everything.
When at last he could find his voice—"it was all—a lie—then—about your—husband!—a lie—to—to get rid of me."
Jimmy turned blindly to the door. He felt like a drunken man. He had opened it when she called his name; when she followed and caught his hand, holding him back.
"Jimmy, don't go like that—not without saying good-by. We've been such friends—we've had such good times to—gether."
She was sobbing now; genuine enough soobs they seemed. She clung to him deeperately.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)
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SOMEBODY'S STENOG—What Are You Going to Wear?

MADGE THEY'REGOIN' MISS OFLAGE SKIRTS ARE TO BE TO WEAR GREAT BIG WILL YOU STEP SHORT - JUST BELOW HATS THIS YEAR AND YOU -INTO MY OFFICE THE KNEE - AND IT SAYS HERE ONE MODEL WAS SHOWN WITH SKIRT JUST NOW AND WE'LL OSTRICH PLUMES -GET THOSE LETTERS BOY - I'GOT TO GET OFF ' A PLUME! I BET THE EE-MAGIN! - I THINK ILL WEAR MY BATHIN SUIT PRICES ARE TERRIBLE! WITH A NECKPIECE!

I SAY WILL

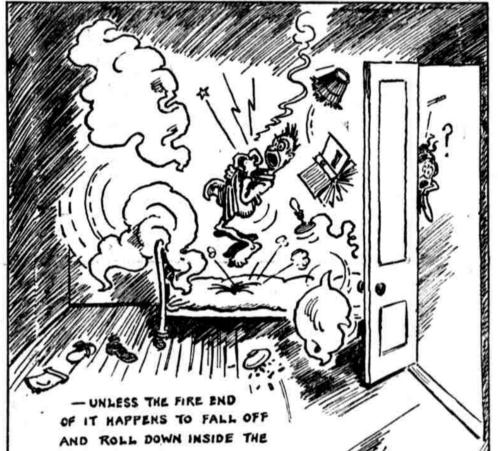
AHEM - I SAY AND THE MATERIALS! AINT THEY DEAR! WILL YOU BOY - TRICOTINE AND COME AND DUVETYNE - I COULD DIE IN DUVETYNE !! SERGE AND VELVET Too -

By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. WELL THERE'S SOME VARIETY ANYHOW THIS SAY IT YEAR! GEE IM GLAD THIS YEAR'S MOT. ALL VELVET E-HAYWARD -30

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the war taxes may be reduced in time, but the government's ex-penses are high and she fears there isn't much chance that the exemp-tions will be lowered for two or There Is Nothing as Soothing as a Cigarette Just at Bedtime -:- By Fontain Fox



NECK OF YOUR NIGHT SHIRT.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG IDEA? HARRY WILSONS MA THE BABY'S HIGH CHAIR A WEEK WHERE OODY PAN SEE BECAUSE HE FOUCH TEACHER YESTERDAY THE INQUISITION

PETEY-She's a Fast Thinker







